pitiful. Stepping into the shelter of a big column he examined the bills carefully, re-read the note and then, raising his eyes, said fervently, "I thank thee, O, Lord."

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After a warm breakfast he bought a ticket for home. His plans had failed miserably, yet somehow he did not worry now, for he felt that the overruling hand which had directed that money into his pocket would take care of Tom. Yes, it had already cared for Tom, and with infinitely greater wisdom than the pious farmer had conceived, for Tom had been made a man.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Belden was sitting in her little front room trying to knit a pair of mittens for her husband, but she dropped so many stitches that she laid down the yarn at last in despair. She couldn't work, for to-day the usual postal card from her husband had failed to come, and her heart was filled with misgiving. As she sat by the window thinking, a neighbor drove up, and saying that the station agent had asked him to leave it as he went by, handed her a yellow envelope. A telegram! Mrs. Belden sank into her chair, trembling with fear, as the neighbor turned to go, expressing the hope that it contained no bad news.

"Henry is killed, I know he is," she said to herself, not daring at first to break the seal. Finally she gathered courage and tore open the envelope.

"Have found work in lawyer's office for my spare time. Shall need no more money from home. Tom."

The mingled feeling of scattered fears and new joy brought the glad tears of thankfulness and her wrought-up senses found relief in a good, hearty cry. Just then she heard a step on the porch, and as she looked up through her tears she saw her husband coming through the door, a glad smile on his face as he held out his arms toward her. After a moment's embrace, she hastened to show the telegram from Tom, which the mails had been thought too slow to carry, and the good man shed tears of thanksgiving, too.

"After all, Henry, you didn't really need to go to Chicago, did you?" she said.

Mr. Belden was not so sure, and explained his experience and the strange gift of money.